AN APPENDIX TO JOHN BULL Still In His SENSES:

OR,

Law is a Bottomleſs-Pit.

Printed from a Manuſcript found in the Cabinet of the famous Sir *Humphry Poleſworth*: And Publiſh'd, (as well as the three former Parts) by the Author of the NEW ATALANTIS.

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AN APPENDIX TO *John Bull* Still *in his Senses*, &c.

CHAP. I.

The Apprehending, Examination, and Impriſonment of Jack, *for Suſpicion of Poiſoning.*

THE attentive Reader cannot have forgot, that in my laſt Part, the Story of Van Ptſchirnſocker's Powder was interrupted by a Meſſage from *Frog*. I have a natural Compaſſion for Curioſity, being much troubled with the Diſtemper my ſelf; therefore to gratify that uneaſy itching Senſation in my Reader, I have procur'd the following Account of that Matter.

Van Ptſchirnſocker came off (as Rogues uſually do upon ſuch Occaſions) by Peach-

ing his Partner, and being extremely forward to bring him to the Gallows; *Jack* was accus'd as the Contriver of all the Roguery. And indeed it happen'd unfortunately for the poor Fellow, that he was known to bear a moſt inveterate Spight againſt the old Gentlewoman, and conſequently, that never any ill Accident happen'd to her, but he was ſuſpected to be at the bottom of it. If ſhe prick'd her Finger, *Jack*, to be ſure, laid the Pin in the way: If ſome Noiſe in the Street diſturb'd her Reſt, who could it be but *Jack* in ſome of his nocturnal Rambles? If a Servant run away, *Jack* had debauch'd him: every idle Tittle-tattle that went about, *Jack* was always ſuſpected for the Author of it: However, all was nothing to this laſt Affair of the temperating, moderating Powder. The Hue and Cry went after *Jack*, to Apprehend him, dead or alive, wherever he could be found. The Conſtables look'd out for him in all his uſual Haunts; but, to no purpoſe. Where d'ye think did they find him at laſt? Ev'n ſmoaking his Pipe very quietly, at his Brother *Martin*'s; from whence he was carry'd, with a vaſt Mob at his Heels, before the Worſhipful Mr. Juſtice *Overdo*. Several of his Neighbours made Oath, That of late, the Priſoner had been obſerv'd to lead a very diſſolute Life, renouncing ev'n his uſual Hypocriſy, and Pretences to Sobriety: That he frequented Taverns and Eating-Houſes,

and had been often guilty of Drunkenneſs and Gluttony at My Lord-Mayor's Table: That he had been ſeen in the Company of Lewd Women: That he had transferr'd his uſual religious Care of the engroſs'd Copy of his Father's Will, to Bank Bills, Orders for Tallies, and Debentures: Theſe he now affirm'd, with more literal Truth, to be *Meat, Drink, and Cloth, the Philoſophers Stone, and the Univerſal Medicine*: That he was ſo far from ſhewing his cuſtomary Reverence to the *Will*, that he kept company with thoſe that call'd his Father a cheating Rogue, and his *Will* a Forgery. That he not only ſat quietly and heard his Father rail'd at, but often chim'd in with the Diſcourſe, and hugg'd the Authors as his Boſom Friends: † *That inſtead of asking for Blows, at the Corners of the Streets*, he now beſtow'd them as plentifully as he begg'd them before: In ſhort, That he was grown a meer Rake; and, had nothing left in him of old *Jack*, except his Spight to *John Bull*'s Mother.

* *Tale of the Tub.*

† *Tale of the Tub.*

Another Witneſs made Oath, That *Jack* had been overheard bragging of a Trick he had found out to manage the *old formal Jade*, as he us'd to call her. 'Damn this numb'd-'Skull of mine (quoth he) that I could not 'light on it ſooner. As long as I go in this 'ragged tatter'd Coat, I am ſo well known,

'that

'that I am hunted away from the old Wo-
'man's Door by every barking Curr about
'the Houſe, they bid me Defiance; there's
'no doing Miſchief as an open Enemy, I
'muſt find ſome way or another of getting
'within Doors, and then I ſhall have better
'Opportunities of playing my Pranks, be-
'ſides the Benefit of good keeping.

Two Witneſſes Swore, that ſeveral Years ago, there came to their Miſtriſs's Door, a young Fellow in a tatter'd Coat, that went by the Name of *Timothy Trim*, whom they did in their Conſcience believe to be the very Priſoner, reſembling him in Shape, Stature, and the Features of his Countenance; that the ſaid *Timothy Trim* being taken into the Family, clap'd their Miſtriſs's Livery over his own tatter'd Coat; that the ſaid *Timothy* was extremely officious about their Miſtriſs's Perſon, endeavouring by Flattery and Tale-bearing, to ſet her againſt the reſt of the Servants; no Body was ſo ready to fetch any thing that was wanted, or reach what was drop'd; that he us'd to ſhove and elbow his Fellow-Servants to get near his Miſtreſs, eſpecially when Mony was a paying or receiving, then he was never out of the way; that he was extremely diligent about every Bodies Buſineſs but his own; that the ſaid *Timothy*, while he was in the Family, us'd to be playing Roguiſh Tricks; when his Miſtreſs's back was turn'd he would

loll

loll out his Tongue, make Mouths, and laugh at her, walking behind her like a *Harlequin*, ridiculing her Motions and Geſtures; if his Miſtreſs look'd about, he put on a grave, demure Countenance, as he had been in a fit of Devotion; that he us'd often to trip up Stairs ſo ſmoothly that you could not hear him tread, and put all things out of Order; that he would pinch the Children and Servants, when he met them in the dark, ſo hard, that he left the Print of his Fore-fingers and his Thumb in black and blue, and then ſlink into a corner, as if no Body had done it: Out of the ſame malicious Deſign, he us'd to lay Chairs and Joint-ſtools in their way, that they might break their Noſes by falling over them. The more young and unexperienc'd, he us'd to teach to talk Saucily, and call Names: During his ſtay in the Family there was much Plate miſſing; that being catch'd with a couple of Silver Spoons in his Pocket, with their Handles wrench'd off, he ſaid, he was only going to carry them to the Goldſmiths to be mended; that the ſaid *Timothy* was hated by all the honeſt Servants, for his ill-condition'd, ſplenetick Tricks, but eſpecially for his ſlanderous Tongue; traducing them to their Miſtreſs, as Drunkards, Thieves and Whore-maſters; that the ſaid *Timothy*, by lying Stories, us'd to ſet all the Family together by the Ears, taking delight to make them Fight and Quarrel; particularly one Day

fitting

ſitting at Table, he ſpoke Words to this Effect: ‘ I am of Opinion *(quoth he)* That little ‘ ſhort Fellows, ſuch as we are, have better ‘ Hearts. and could beat the tall Fellows; I ‘ wiſh it came to a fair Trial, I believe, theſe ‘ long Fellows, as ſightly as they are, ſhould ‘ find their Jackets well thwack'd. A parcel of tall Fellows, who thought themſelves affronted by this Diſcourſe, took up the Quarel, and to't they went, the tall Men and the low Men, which continues ſtill a Faction in the Family, to the great Diſorder of our Miſtreſs's Affairs: That the ſaid *Timothy* carried this Frolick ſo far, that he propos'd to his Miſtreſs, that ſhe ſhould entertain no Servant that was above four Foot ſeven Inches high, and for that Purpoſe had prepar'd a Gage, by which they were to be meaſur'd: That the good old Gentlewoman was not ſo ſimple as to go into his Projects, ſhe began to ſmell a Rat. ‘ This *Trim* (quoth ſhe) ‘ is an odd ſort of a Fellow, methinks he ‘ makes a ſtrange Figure with that ragged, ‘ tatter'd Coat, appearing under his Livery, ‘ can't he go ſpruce and clean, like the reſt ‘ of the Servants? The Fellow has a Roguiſh ‘ Leer with him, which I don't like by any ‘ means; beſides, he has ſuch a twang in his ‘ Diſcourſe, and an ungraceful way of ſpeaking through the Noſe, that one can hardly ‘ underſtand him; I wiſh the Fellow be not ‘ Tainted with ſome bad Diſeaſe. The Witneſſes

neſſes farther made Oath, That the ſaid *Timothy* lay out a Nights, and went abroad often at unſeaſonable Hours; that it was credibly reported, he did Buſineſs in another Family; that he pretended to have a ſqueamiſh Stomach, and could not eat at Table with the reſt of the Servants, tho' this was but a pretence to provide ſome nice Bit for himſelf; that he refus'd to Dine upon Salt-fiſh, only to have an opportunity to eat a Calve's Head (his Favourite Diſh) in private; that for all his tender Stomach, when he was got by himſelf, he would devour Capons, Turkeys and Sirloins of Beef, like a Cormorant.

Two other Witneſſes gave the following Evidence, That in his officious Attendance upon his Miſtreſs, he had try'd to ſlip in a Powder into her Drink, and that once he was catch'd endeavouring to ſtifle her with a Pillow as ſhe was a ſleep; that he and **Ptſchirnſooker** were often in cloſe Conference, and that they us'd to drink together at the *Roſe*, where it ſeems he was well enough known by the true Name of *Jack*.

The Priſoner had little to ſay in his Defence; he endeavour'd to prove himſelf *Alibi*; ſo that the Trial turn'd upon this ſingle Queſtion, whether the ſaid *Timothy Trim* and *Jack*, were the ſame Perſon? which was prov'd by ſuch plain Tokens, and particularly by a Mole under the left Pap, that

there was no withſtanding the Evidence; therefore the Worſhipful Mr. Juſtice committed him, in order to his Tryal.

Chap. II.

How Jack's *Friends came to viſit him in Priſon, and what Advice they gave him.*

JACK hitherto had paſs'd in the World for a poor, ſimple, well-meaning, half-witted, crack'd-brain'd Fellow, People were ſtrangely ſurpriz'd to find him in ſuch a Roguery; that he ſhould diſguiſe himſelf under a falſe Name, hire himſelf out for a Servant to an old Gentlewoman, only for an opportunity to Poiſon her. They ſaid, That it was more Generous to profeſs open Enmity, than, under a profound Diſſimulation, to be guilty of ſuch a ſcandalous Breach of Truſt, and of the ſacred Rights of Hoſpitality. In ſhort, the Action was univerſally Condemn'd by his beſt Friends; they told him in plain terms, That this was come as a Judgment upon him, for his looſe Life, his Gluttony, Drunkenneſs and Avarice, laying aſide his Father's *Will* in an old mouldy Trunk, and turning Stock-jobber, News-monger, and Buſie-body, meddling with other Peoples Affairs, ſhaking off his old ſerious Friends, and keeping Company with Buffoons and Pick-

Pick-pockets, his Father's ſworn Enemies; That he had beſt throw himſelf upon the Mercy of the Court, Repent, and change his Manners. To ſay truth, *Jack* heard theſe Diſcourſes with ſome Compunction; however he reſolv'd to try what his new Acquaintance would do for him: They ſent *Habakkuk Slyboots*, who deliver'd him the following Meſſage, as the peremptory Commands of his truſty Companions.

Habakkuk. Dear *Jack*, I am ſorry for thy Misfortune; Matters have not been carried on with due Secrecy; however, we muſt make the beſt of a bad Bargain: Thou art in the utmoſt Jeopardy, that's certain; Hang, Draw and Quarter, are the gentleſt things they talk of. However, thy faithful Friends, ever watchful for thy Security, bid me tell thee, That they have one infallible Expedient left to ſave thy Life: Thou muſt know, we have got into ſome Underſtanding with the Enemy, by the means of *Don Diego Diſmallo*; he aſſures us there is no Mercy for thee, and that there is only one way left to Eſcape; it is indeed ſomewhat out of the common Road, however, be aſſur'd, it is the reſult of moſt mature Deliberation.

Jack. Prithee tell me quickly, for my Heart is ſunk down into the very bottom of my Belly.

Hab. It is the unanimous Opinion of your Friends, that you make as if you hang'd your

ſelf; that they will give it out that you are quite dead, and convey your Body out of Priſon in a Beir; and that *John Bull*, being buſied with his Law-Suit, will not enquire further into the matter.

Jack. How d'ye mean, make as if I had hang'd my ſelf?

Hab. Nay, you muſt really hang your ſelf up in a true genuine Rope, that there may appear no Trick in it, and leave the reſt to your Friends.

Jack. Truly this is a matter of ſome Concern; and my Friends, I hope, won't take it ill, if I enquire a little into the means by which they intend to deliver me: A Rope, and a Nooſe, are no jeſting Matters!

Hab. Why ſo miſtruſtful? haſt thou ever found us falſe to thee? I tell thee, there is one ready to cut thee down.

Jack. May I preſume to ask who it is that is entruſted with that important Office?

Hab. Is there no end of thy How's and thy Why's? that's a Secret.

Jack. A Secret, perhaps, that I may be ſafely truſted with, for I am not like to tell it again. I tell you plainly, it is no ſtrange thing for a Man, before he hangs himſelf up, to enquire who is to cut him down.

Hab. Thou ſuſpicious Creature! if thou muſt needs know it, I tell thee it is Sir *Roger*; he has been in Tears ever ſince thy Misfortune. *Don Diego* and we have laid it ſo, that

he

he is to be in the next Room, and before the Rope is well about thy Neck, reſt ſatisfied, he will break in, and cut thee down: Fear not, old Boy; we'll do't, I'll warrant thee.

Jack. So I muſt hang my ſelf up, upon hopes that Sir *Roger* will cut me down, and all this upon the Credit of *Don Diego:* A fine Stratagem indeed to ſave my Life, that depends upon Hanging, *Don Diego,* and Sir *Roger!*

Hab. I tell thee there is a Myſtery in all this, my Friend, a piece of profound Policy; if thou knew what good this will do to the Common Cauſe, thy Heart would leap for Joy: I'm ſure thou would not delay the Experiment one moment.

Jack. This is to the Tune of *All for the better.* What's your Cauſe to me, when I am hang'd?

Hab. Refractory Mortal! If thou wilt not truſt thy Friends, take what follows; know aſſuredly, before next full Moon, that thou wilt be hung up in Chains, or thy Quarters perching upon the moſt conſpicuous Places of the Kingdom. Nay, I don't believe they will be contented with Hanging, they talk of Empaling, or breaking on the Wheel; and thou chuſeſt that, before a gentle ſuſpending of thy ſelf, for one Minute. Hanging is not ſo painful a thing as thou imagines. I have ſpoke with ſeveral that have undergone it,

they

they all agree it is no manner of uneaſineſs; be ſure thou take good notice of the Symptoms, the Relation will be curious; it is but a kick or two with thy Heels, and a wry Mouth or ſo: Sir *Roger* will be with thee in the twinkling of an Eye.

Jack. But what if Sir *Roger* ſhould not come? will my Friends be there to Succour me?

Hab. Doubt it not; I will provide every thing againſt to Morrow Morning, do thou keep thy own Secret, ſay nothing: I tell thee, it is abſolutely neceſſary for the Common Good, that thou ſhouldſt go through this Operation.

CHAP. III.

How Jack *hang'd himſelf up by the Perſwaſion of his Friends, who broke their Word, and left his Neck in the Nooſe.*

JACK was a profeſs'd Enemy to *Implicit Faith*, and yet I dare ſay, it was never more ſtrongly exerted, nor more baſely abuſed, than upon this occaſion. He was now, with his old Friends, in the ſtate of a poor disbanded Officer after a Peace; or rather a wounded Soldier after a Battle; like an old Favourite of a cunning Miniſter after the Jobb is over; or a decay'd Beauty to a cloy'd Lover in queſt

queſt of new Game; or like an hundred ſuch things that one ſees every Day. There were new Intrigues, new Views, new Projects on foot; *Jack*'s Life was the Purchaſe of *Diego*'s Friendſhip, much good may it do them. The Intereſt of *Hocus* and Sir *William Crawly*, which was now more at Heart, made this Operation upon poor *Jack* abſolutely neceſſary. You may eaſily gueſs that his Reſt that Night was but ſmall, and much diſturb'd; however the remaining part of his Time he did not employ (as his Cuſtom was formerly) in Prayer, Meditation, or ſinging a double Verſe of a Pſalm, but amuſed himſelf with diſpoſing of his Bank-Stock; many a Doubt, many a Qualm, overſpread his clouded Imagination. 'Muſt I then (quoth he) hang up 'my own perſonal, natural, individual Self, 'with theſe two Hands! *Durus Sermo!* 'What if I ſhould be cut down, as my 'Friends tell me? There is ſomething Infa-'mous in the very Attempt; the World 'will conclude I had a guilty Conſcience. 'Is it poſſible that good Man, Sir *Roger*, can 'have ſo much pity upon an unfortunate 'Scoundrel, that has perſecuted him ſo many 'Years? No, it cannot be: I don't love Fa-'vours that paſs through *Don Diego*'s Hands. 'On the other ſide, my Blood chills about 'my Heart, at the thought of theſe Rogues, 'with their bloody Hands grabbling in my 'Guts, and pulling out my very Entrails:

Hang

'Hang it, for once I'll truſt my Friends.' So *Jack* reſolv'd, but he had done more wiſely, to have put himſelf upon the Tryal of his Country, made his Defence in Form; many things happen between the Cup and the Lip, Witneſſes might have been brib'd, Juries manag'd, or Proſecution ſtop'd. But ſo it was, *Jack* for this time had a ſufficient Stock of Implicit Faith, which led him to his Ruin, as the Sequel of the Story ſhews: And now the fatal Day was come, in which he was to try this hanging Experiment. His Friends did not fail him at the appointed Hour, to ſee it put in practice. *Habakkuk* brought him a ſmooth, ſtrong, tough Rope, made of many a ply of wholeſome *Scandinavian* Hemp, compactly twiſted together, with a Nooſe that ſlip'd as glib as a Bird-catcher's Gin. *Jack* ſhrunk and grew pale at firſt ſight of it, he handled it, meaſur'd it, ſtretch'd it, fix'd it againſt the Iron-bar of the Window to try its ſtrength, but no Familiarity could reconcile him to it. He found fault with the length, the thickneſs, and the twiſt, nay, the very colour did not pleaſe him. 'Will 'nothing leſs than Hanging ſerve (quoth *Jack*)? 'Won't my Enemies take Bail for my 'good Behaviour? Will they accept of a Fine, 'or be ſatisfied with the Pillory and Impri'ſonment, a good round Whipping, or Burn'ing in the Cheek?

Habakkuk.

Habakkuk. Nothing but your Blood will appeaſe their Rage; make haſte, elſe we ſhall be diſcover'd: There's nothing like ſurpriſing the Rogues. How they will be diſappointed, when they hear that thou haſt haſt prevented their Revenge, and hang'd thine own ſelf?

Jack. That's true; but what if I ſhould do it in Effigies? Is there never an old Pope, or Pretender, to hang up in my ſtead? we are not ſo unlike, but it may paſs.

Hab. That can never be put upon Sir *Roger.*

Jack. Are you ſure he is in the next Room? Have you provided a very ſharp Knife, in caſe of the worſt?

Hab. Doſt take me for a common Lyar? Be ſatisfy'd, no Damage can happen to your Perſon, your Friends will take care of that.

Jack. Mayn't I quilt my Rope, it galls my Neck ſtrangely? beſides, I don't like this running Knot, it holds too tight, I may be ſtifled all of a ſudden.

Hab. Thou haſt ſo many If's and And's; prithee diſpatch; it might have been over before this time.

Jack. But, now I think on't, I would fain ſettle ſome Affairs, for fear of the worſt: Have a little Patience.

Hab. There's no having Patience, thou art ſuch a faintling, ſilly Creature.

Jack. O thou moſt deteſtable, abominable, *Paſſive Obedience!* did I ever imagine I ſhould become thy Votary, in ſo pregnant an Inſtance; how will my Brother *Martin* laugh at this Story, to ſee himſelf out done in his own Calling? He has taken the Doctrine, and left me the Practice. No ſooner had he utter'd theſe Words, but like a Man of true Courage, he ty'd the fatal Cord to the Beam, fitted the Nooſe, and mounted upon the bottom of a Tub, the inſide of which he had often Grac'd in his proſperous Days. This Footſtool *Habakkuk* kick'd away, and left poor *Jack* ſwinging, like the Pendulum of *Paul*'s Clock. The fatal Nooſe perform'd its Office, and with moſt ſtrict Ligature, ſqueez'd the Blood into his Face, 'till it aſſum'd a purple dye: While the poor Man, heav'd from the very bottom of his Belly for Breath, *Habakkuk* walk'd with great Deliberation into both the upper and lower Room, to acquaint his Friends, who receiv'd the News with great Temper, and with Geers and Scoffs inſtead of Pity, *Jack* has Hang'd himſelf (quoth they!) let us go and ſee how the poor Rogue ſwings. Then they call'd Sir *Roger*. Sir *Roger* (quoth *Habakkuk*) *Jack* has hang'd himſelf, make haſte and cut him down. Sir *Roger* turn'd firſt one Ear and then t'other, not underſtanding what he ſaid.

Hab. I tell you *Jack* has hang'd himſelf up.

Sir *Roger.* Who's hang'd?

Hab.

Hab. Jack.

Sir *Roger.* I thought this had not been hanging Day.

Hab. But the poor Fellow has hang'd himself.

Sir *Roger.* Then let him hang. I don't wonder at it, the Fellow has been mad these twenty Years. With this he slunk away.

Then *Jack*'s Friends began to hunch and push one another, *Why don't you go and cut the poor Fellow down? Why don't you? and why don't you? Not I* (quoth one,) *not I* (quoth another,) *not I* (quoth a third,) *he may hang 'till Doomsday before I relieve him.* Nay it is credibly reported, that they were so far from succouring their poor Friend, in this his dismal Circumstance, that Ptschirnfooker, and several of his Companions, went in and pull'd him by the Legs, and thump'd him on the Breast. Then they began to rail at him for the very thing which they had both advis'd and justify'd before, *viz.* his getting into the old Gentlewoman's Family, and putting on her Livery. The Keeper, who perform'd the last Office, coming up, found *Jack* swinging, with no Life in him; he took down the Body gently and laid it on a Bulk, and brought out the Rope to the Company. *This, Gentlemen, is the Rope that hang'd* Jack; *What must be done with it?* Upon which they order'd it to be laid among the Curiosities of *Gresham* College, and it is call'd

Jack's Rope to this very Day. However *Jack* after all, had ſome ſmall Tokens of Life in him, but lies at this time paſt hopes of a total Recovery, with his Head hanging on one Shoulder, without Speech or Motion. The Coroners Inqueſt ſuppoſing him Dead, brought him in *Non Compos.*

CHAP. IV.

The Conference between Don Diego Diſmallo, *and* John Bull.

DUring the time of the foregoing Tranſaction, *Don Diego* was entertaining *John Bull.*

D. Diego. I hope, Sir, this Day's Proceeding will convince you of the Sincerity of your old Friend *Diego*, and the Treachery of Sir *Roger.*

J. Bull. What's the matter now?

D. Diego. You have been endeavouring, for ſeveral Years, to have Juſtice done upon that Rogue *Jack*; but what through the Remiſſneſs of Conſtables, Juſtices and pack'd Juries, he has always found the Means to eſcape.

J. Bull. What then?

D. Diego. Conſider then, who is your beſt Friend, he that would have brought him to con-

condign Puniſhment, or he that has ſav'd him. By my Perſwaſion, *Jack* had hang'd himſelf, if Sir *Roger* had not cut him down.

J. Bull. Who told you that Sir *Roger* has done ſo?

D. Diego. You ſeem to receive me coldly; methinks my Services deſerve a better Return.

J. Bull. Since you value your ſelf upon Hanging this poor Scoundrel, I tell you, when I have any more Hanging-work, I'll ſend for thee; I have ſome better Employment for Sir *Roger*: In the mean time, I deſire the poor Fellow may be look'd after. When he firſt came out of the North-Country into my Family, under the pretended Name of *Timothy Trim*, the Fellow ſeem'd to mind his Loom and his Spinning-wheel, till ſome body turn'd his Head; then he grew ſo pragmatical, that he took upon him the Government of my whole Family: I could never order any thing, within or without doors, but he muſt be always giving his Counſel, forſooth: Nevertheleſs, tell him, I will forgive what is paſt; and if he would mind his Buſineſs for the future, and not meddle out of his own Sphere, he will find that *John Bull* is not of a cruel Diſpoſition.

D. Diego. Yet all your skilful Phyſicians ſay, that nothing can recover your Mother, but a piece of *Jack*'s Liver boil'd in her Soup.

J. Bull. Thoſe are Quacks: My Mother abhors ſuch Canibal's Food; ſhe is in perfect Health at preſent: I would have given many a good Pound to have had her ſo well ſome time ago. There are, indeed, two or three troubleſome old Nurſes, that becauſe they believe I am tender-hearted, will never let me have a quiet Nights Reſt, with knocking me up: Oh, Sir, your Mother is taken extremely ill! ſhe is fall'n into a fainting Fit! ſhe has a great Emptineſs, and wants Suſtenance! This is only to recommend themſelves, for their great Care. *John Bull*, as ſimple as he is, underſtands a little of a Pulſe.

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